I: Karsten--453 (1916-18) 1935 Jivaro
116, 789, 827, 484 (1928-29)

"When the Indians are travelling they always take with them some bundles of fermented manioc substance wrapped up in banana leaves, so that they can prepare the beer on the way whenever they find water. When they dilute a certain quantity of the manioc substance in the water, they never afterwards throw away the waste of manioc substance left, but they wrap it up again in the empty banana leaf and put a stone on the bundle, leaving it in this way at the resting-place. Then the manioc-beer which they have drunk will remain 'steady' in the stomach, and they will not soon get hungry again. This is the idea of both the Jibaros and the Canelos Indians."

2: Stirling--102 [2]
116, 301, 415, 484

(1930-1931) 1938

Jivaro

"When the Jivaro is traveling he carries his feather ornaments neatly rolled and packed in tubes of bamboo. These tubes, together with other ornaments, hair combs, ear tubes, achiote paint and other accessories, are carried in a rectangular bag with a flap which is either woven of chambira fiber and suspended by a strap over one shoulder or else is made of monkey skin with the fur attached and suspended in the same manner (pl. 13)."

4: Up de Graff--238-240 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 427, 484

"On the sand-spit at the junction of the Santiago and the Marañon lay some two hundred Antipa canoes, heavily laden with fruit, vegetables, honey and giamanchi in enormous quantities. They were drawn up in a great uneven fringe for a distance of a full quarter of a mile all around the edge of the tongue which juts out between the two rivers, and scattered all over the miniature peninsular were hundreds of savages, men, women, and children--three or four to every canoe--squatting in groups of families, some gossiping, some cooking, others speaking excitedly of war, others polishing their spears with sand, and yet others already partaking of their evening meal. The slanting rays of the sun tinted the whole scene with a purplish light, and threw into restful harmony the naturally crude colouring of forest, river, sand and savage. No cloud obscured the deep blue dome of the evening sky. The three long wailing notes of the yungaruru floated across the water, and the screams of the first flock of parrots rose high above the hum of human chatter as they skimmed over the trees on their return home from the days' foraging.

As we toiled up the stretch of bad water that lies between the gate of the cañon and the junction of the rivers, the scene gradually unfolded itself before our astonished eyes. What a change was this from the deadly [239] emptiness of the landscape when Game and I first paddled by the long desolate first reach of the Santiago, straining our eyes for the sight of any living thing!

To say we were taken by surprise is to understate the case. We were amazed at the

rapidity with which the fame of our expedition had spread amongst the savages. Apparently a good proportion of the whole tribe of Antipas had ventured well outside the radius of their home territory--a rare display of boldness--in search of those confounded presents of ours. There they were, sitting patiently waiting for hand-mirrors and striped shirts, with tons of fruit, vegetables, and other products of the rivers and woods. The full capacity of our fleet of four canoes was five tons at the most, and we were already heavily laden. Despite this, we found it wholly impossible to convince these adventurous merchants of the impracticability of their suggestion that we should take possession of all they had to offer in exchange for the coveted trade-goods. That evening we spent weary hours in trying to drive this obvious truth home to them, without any success attending our efforts. We transacted what business we must, and when we had bought more peanuts and honey than we could possibly want, we decided to sleep on the matter.

Next morning we were forced with the necessity of getting rid of that great concourse of Jívaros and, more important, seeing them go off in a contented frame of mind. We decided eventually to go the round of the whole beach, and present the crew of each canoe--generally a man with a couple of women and a child or two--with something to keep them quiet. I may mention that we had made the whole party leave the tip of the tongue of sand to us, where we pitched our little linen tent in a strategic position; on three sides water, which nothing could cross alive unless we wished it so, [240] and on the fourth

the flat open sand-bar with no protection whatever for lurking bodies.

The plan which we adopted was successful up to a point; the savages were certainly well satisfied to receive their presents, and to obtain a close view of the far-famed apaches, whost arrival had caused such a stir in the country; but all the good which had been done was threatened with instant reverse by our refusal to 'trade in' their tons of supplies for which we had no use nor space for carrying along in our four dugouts; so acceptance was the only possible course to follow. The beach became littered with the finest produce of the country."

4: Up de Graff--240-241 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 484, 427

"Then came the stiffer problem, the ultimate object of all our manoeuvering up to this time, viz., to organize a fleet of canoes and canoemen not only to move our cargo and outfit up the Santiago but to accompany us as a guard against attack and as a war party in any possible conflict with the Huambizas. These Antipas were bitter enemies of the Huambizas and therefore we figured they would admirably suit our purpose. For many days we had been working up to this climax, endeavouring to convince old Pitacunca that it would be worth his while to give us thirty days' paddling in exchange for his choice of an axe or machete, with the same terms for every one of his men. No other bait had been tempting enough, as we had known only too well would be the case. Bit by bit we had led them on, until at last we had made our final offer, and before their bulging eyes we opened a box of axes and a case of machetes. The sight of the glistening steel and the bright red paint on the handles struck home to their very souls (if they had any), and I could see that they decided then and there to possess themselves of these treasures by fair means or foul. They knew, and we knew, that they had no [241] intention whatever of fulfilling their contract, despite the solemnity with which the terms were propounded and agreed to. Jack remarked at the time, I remember, that it was a moot point as to which party thought the other bigger fools. But we had our own ideas as to the enforcing of the contract. There was no doubt about it that if we wished to retain the services of the Indians we should have to be eternally vigilant and diplomatic. By day they could never give us the slip, clearly, armed as we were with Winchesters. The canoemen

would be divided between the several craft and escape would be out of the question. By night we should chain the canoes together, and always keep a guard mounted. By land they would never dare to face the risks of encountering a Huambiza war party. And so it turned out, with the exception that we allowed Pitacunca to take the Exploradora with three other Antipas, keeping them always within rifle-shot; in any event, they would not cut and run without their comrades and even if they did they could never paddle so heavy a craft away from us who manned the light twenty-four footers. In short, they were a slippery crew to deal with, and we couldn't be too careful."

4: Up de Graff - 241 - 243 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 484, 427, 152

"Meanwhile, the bulk of the gathering of Antipas had melted away, leaving only the wise minority, who saw something in the shape of a big haul coming when we turned the bows of our dugouts up the Santiago. Clearly we should leave behind us nine-tenths of our purchases, and the harvest would be rich for those who were there to gather it. (Old 'Pete' had probably warned them to be ready at midnight on our first night out.) Perhaps the bulk of the remainder watched us from the seclusion of the woods as we pushed off, as they hoped, in all innocence.

'Sept. 29th. Having finally satisfied the Antipas, by [242] means of our presents, that we are friendly disposed toward them, and closed the deal with the crew by handing them out their axes, we are due to start at mid-day to-day. 'Pete' and his men are obviously well satisfied with the business they have done. It is quite clear that they contemplate leaving us to-night with much relish.'

About five o'clock that evening we sighted a sand-bar for the first time since entering the Santiago...

That night it fell to Pedro to mount guard from sun-down till midnight. Long ago we had given our time-pieces away to the Antipas up the Maranon, for they were useless impediments. By the time each man of us had jumped overboard half a dozen times to save a paddle, a war-bag, or Ambusha, they were not much use except as presents. In the last-named capacity they were handed out to 'Lázaro,' Pitacunca, and one of two other important gentlemen. The original recipients kept the cases, which they hung

around their necks, and distributed the wheels to their less favoured fellows.

During that watch of his Pedro had no peace. Every few minutes the siege would be renewed. With smiling faces our friends would beg for a canoe to cross the river for one of a hundred purposes, urging reasons which were apparently so pressing as not to allow of even waiting till dawn. They had heard a troupe of night monkeys on the other bank; they had spotted a fine log for the fire five hundred yards down-stream (always down-stream!); they thought it would be a good idea to have some fish for breakfast; they were sure that the turtles would be out on the other end of the sand-spit, and they could approach noiselessly in a canoe...[243] and so on, until Pedro called me up in despair. I kept them quiet with a long story about the dangers of going off alone in the dark, with the possibility of a Huambiza surprise at any moment. I treated them in the only way possible, like children, meeting them on their own ground. Neither I nor Pitacunca believed our own words, much less those of the other. But the game of bluff had to be played out, like any other game, and the hardest bluffer won. So passed the first of a series of such nights, always the same farce had to be staged; endless machinations met by endless argument. At length, after four or five nights had passed in this fashion without any success being attained, it dawned on the Indians that other tactics must be adopted if they were (in the language of sport) to make a get-away. They began to fall sick, and with remarkable ingenuity discovered that the waters of the Santiago brought on all manner of ills, from loss of appetite, by way of general debility, to heart-failure.

4: Up de Graff--241-243 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-3
116, 484, 427, 152

Still we persisted, keeping them at the paddles after the fashion of galley-slave drivers. They were by this time a miserable, dejected crowd, keeping any way on the canoes, complaining of their ills, and bemoaning the certain death that awaited them if they continued."

4: Up de Graff--243-244 (1897) 1923 Jivaro
116, 484, 152, 787

"On the eighth day the climax came. We sighted an island, which seemed to be ideal for pitching camp, and put into shore with the intention of deciding once and for all, what we were going to do with those treacherous and demoralized creatures who moaned and babbled between every half-dozen strokes of the paddle. But we were not destined to play an active part in the settlement of the problem, after all, for no sooner had we landed and lain down to rest than Pitacunca, by virtue of his high office, had resort to the never-failing hayahuasca (bitter wine--Incs). The plant is the means by which the medicine men of the Upper Amazon throw them[244]selves into a trance (in reality a state of drunken semi-torpor) from the depths of which they utter prophetic statements which are received with as much reverence as were ever those of the Sybil. Their power for good or evil is thus unlimited, for they pour forth their visions to a spell-bound audience which hangs on every word."

4: Up de Graff--247-248 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 484, 153, 437

"To return to my tale, then, the canoemen had to go. But we were determined that they should not carry off with them the wage which they had done so little (and that little so very unwillingly) to earn. It would be a bad precedent to set, for, if ever we had occasion to need their services or those of any other of their tribe again, we should start at a disadvantage if they thought they could fool us, as they certainly did, despite our precautions.

We made them build us a shack that evening on the island, and next morning a permanent shelter on the mainland, in which to cache part of our stores against our return, being unable to paddle so great a weight up-stream without their help. They all worked hard and with a good will, for freedom would be theirs within a few hours. Then we broke the news to them that they must return their axes and machetes, having failed to keep their contract. After the usual pow-pow they were handed over. It was not so peaceable a transaction as it might have been, for we had to hold them up with our rifles before we could make them give up our property. And then they went. [248]

It was not till they had been gone two hours or more that we had the idea of opening our cases of stores to see that all was in order. Half the axes and machetes and three-quarters of the poison had gone. Now the boxes and cases in which they were carried were purposely fastened with long screws, the secret of which we had not thought that any savage would discover. But, too late, it dawned on us that I myself had been indiscreet enough to open a box one day when that old thief Pitacunca was looking on. So, day by

day, as we had been pushing up the Santiago, more and more stores were carefully extracted (the Jívaros using the very machetes we had given them as screw-drivers in just the same way as I did myself) and cached as we travelled along in the heavy verdure which lines the banks of that river. So it happened that they drew ten times the pay they had contracted for, after all. It was too late to do anything in the way of revenge. Had we had a speed launch at hand, we might have caught those stalwart robbers, but hardly otherwise. They must have reached home in one day's paddling. We never saw Pitacunca again.

The loss of that fine poison which Morse and Iberico had gone to such pains to obtain in the Huallaga River and bring along with the Exploradora, rankled in our minds for many a long day, aggravated by the thoughts of the sweet revenge which we could have taken, had we known in time, by appropriating that fine canoe in which the Jívaros escaped and turning them loose to their own devices on the bank."

4: Up de Graff--250-253 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 726, 484

"Sweeping along under the right bank came fifty-five Jívaro canoes in single file, a huge serpent moving with perfect rhythm. [251]

Tuhuimpui, as we soon learned was the leader's name, landed on the point of the island, stuck his spear head-down in the sand, and advanced for a friendly pow-wow. His great following had shown a keen desire to overrun our refuge at his heels, but I had ordered him, at first sign of such a movement taking place, to command his party to retire to the main bank, and await the result of our parley. We were perfectly safe as long as we kept a strip of water between us. So the pow-wow began. The Aguaruna chief bore himself with conscious pride of office. His manner had not a trace of servility. He, by reason of his position and his knowledge of Inca had been elected as spokesman, and he was every bit as good as any apache.

'We have heard that you have come searching for gold,' he began. 'Here on this river are very many Huambizas, evil men, who kill the apaches and steal their women. I myself have talked with the apaches and been to Barranca, and I know. You will be killed, so we have come here to take you back to safety. The Huambizas carry weapons such as yours' (indicating by signs and sound the firing of a rifle). [252]

'I have heard,' I replied, 'of the great chief Tuhuimpui down-river, and know him to be a friend of the white man. Clearly has he proved his friendship once more by coming on this errand fraught with perils to give us his advice and protection. To prove our mutual regard, we must drink together.'

The rum-barrel is produced, and a stiff drink handed out.

It is a curious fact, and one which throws a good deal of light on the much-discussed alcohol question, that any ignorant savage in the world will appreciate to the full his first drink of rum. It would appear that there is something in the natural constitution of man that answers to the call of alcohol.

'I would have you know,' I went on, 'that we appreciate your offer, but that we fear no Huambizas nor any other; we come in peace, but if attacked we know how to defend ourselves.'

The chief retires to the water's edge, and calls across to a fellow chief to put over to the island to consult with him. In the long line of canoes the warriors sit, watching the proceedings.

'Midia, midia,' cries Tuhuimpui (come, come), and an Antipa chieftain steers his canoe across the stream.

I have joined my comrades in the shelter and we discuss my interpretation of the pow-wow. We decide that we must try and get the whole war-party to go up-stream with us; their help would be invaluable.

In a few moments I am back talking with Tuhuimpui, who has returned from his conference with the Antipa.

'We are a war-party, come to kill the Huambizas.' Tuhuimpui turns with childlike simplicity to this new story.

'We will help you, then, for they are our common [253] enemy,' I answered. 'Let us join forces and push on together.'

Thus we struck a bargain. We were far from being deceived as to what was the real object of our new allies. Once more that canoe-load of presents was shaping the destinies of men. But all the same it suited us to avail ourselves of their help to penetrate further up-river, laden as we were with heavy stores."

4: Up de Graff--253-254 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 484, 152, 726

"Next morning we started. All day long we sat and watched the great rhythmic strokes of the paddles, as the canoes flew along. Our escort was composed of some two hundred men of the Aguarunas and Antipas, evidently two parties which, finding each other bent on a common mission (which needs no explanation) had joined hands. By day they mingled so that there was no distinguishing the two parties, but by night they camped apart, suspicious, probably, of each other for they are natural enemies. Each carried with him a new loin-cloth, a rouge-pot, feather ear-ornaments, a záparo (rattan basket --Inca) of giamanchi, a spear, and a half gourd for a drinking-cup. Some had blow-guns with them also. They were for the most part naked. They were an impressive-looking crowd, and they took very little notice of us white men, with the exception of their chiefs with whom we had all our dealings.

The first day, everything seemed to go swimmingly. In the late afternoon we drew up on a sand-bar and pitched camp. Tuhuimpui volunteered to provide the game throughout the journey, and he certainly made a good start that day. He advised us not to use our rifles for hunting, as they might carry news of our whereabouts to the Huambizas, which seemed to us fair enough. We had our choice of supper from a great pile of game of all kinds--turkeys, pheasants, monkeys and wild hogs, principally--and selected what we wanted [254] before the rest was removed from before our tent. After supper, the chief came along with a basin-full of giamanchi; we were to drink deep of the comforting preparation and sleep in peace, while the Indians kept watch all night! To escape from

this doubtful blessing, I mixed a cup of condensed milk as a counter offer. If there is one thing which a Jívaro abhors it is canned food in any shape or form. The trick worked, for no more was said of drinks that night.

And how could he be expected--I went on, after disposing of the giamanchi difficulty--to find the guard all night, and leave us to sleep in slothful ease? Surely to this we could never consent. We would do our fair share. Indeed he must warn his men not to approach to within fifty yards of our camp, for our sentries would fire on suspicion--and who could distinguish between enemy and friend at night? In the common cause we must take half the burden on our shoulders, and we must carry it well. Too much care could not be taken now that we were so near the enemy, and what a disaster it would be if in our zeal we killed some of our own friends! No, there was no getting away from the fact that they must be very careful not to approach our bivouac at night."

4: Up de Graff--285-286 (1897) 1923 Jivaro-1
116, 727, 152, 484

"We were by this time ourselves the object of many a greedy pair of eyes. Those battle-heated savages were in a nasty temper. They were becoming bolder every minute, approaching in groups of five or six in an attempt to borrow our rifles and not always remembering to leave their spears behind them even then. One who was too persistent in his desire to disarm Jack received the butt-end of his Winchester full in his chest, an incident that did not tend to smooth matters over. We were rapidly losing our self-control, much as we wanted to avoid another massacre. There was a lull in the trouble however, when Tuhuimpui came up to pow-wow, still insisting that he 'thought it would be as well if each of us captained a Jívaro dugout, at intervals throughout the long column, to inspire his men with confidence. Our prestige was very great, our power greater. We could save them [286] from disaster, should the Huambizas give chase. We should be a tower of strength to them in the gathering darkness.' All this was highly complimentary, but of course merely served to conceal the crafty designs of that smooth-tongued old scoundrel who coveted our heads and our outfit.

If we were to avoid a rupture of diplomatic relations we must walk carefully. With infinite patience, then, through a conversation lasting, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, I persuaded Tuhuimpui that the most we could do would be for four of us to go two and two, while the fifth took a third canoe. Scarcely veiling his disappointment but forced to give way before our determination not to be massacred singly, he went off at last, and gave the necessary orders. Had we been all separated, doubtless at a given signal, the crew

of each of our canoes would have capsized their craft, themselves diving with their spears, and precipitating us and our Winchesters into the water, where the Jívaros are as much at home as on land, but where our arms would be at a great disadvantage. In a moment we should have been stuck like common paichi."

4: *Up de Graff*--287-288 (1897) 1923 Jivaro
116, 484, 727

"The grinning skulls of the victims of our raid stared a hideous last look at us from the strand, their naked eyeballs bulging, their dry tongues lolling in a mute farewell. Theirs would never be the good fortune to be buried; disgraced before their fellows they would lie gaping at the sun until the kites and buzzards picked the bones and the dry skulls were swept away by the rising waters to their last resting-place.

In an hour we had made a sand-bar where it was decided to stop for the night. Indeed, by the time my canoe arrived the fires were already blazing, the vanguard having had a few minutes start of us. With the same care as ever, we pitched our camp at a safe distance from that of our 'allies.' Restrained by our show of determination not to be fooled into taking a false step they left us in peace that night. We on our part held another council. Were we to turn back or not?... The boldness of the Jivaros since their successful raid convinced us that but one thing was wanting to convert a great 'victory' into an overwhelming triumph. A single watch would have been none too safe. All night long the savages sat around their fires, putting the finishing touches to the heads, chattering and gesticulating in the light of the flames.

Next morning we were away as usual with the sun. Once more Tuhuimpui tried to make me see the wisdom of adopting the formation he suggested. Once more [288] I staved him off. So the long line swung down river in the same order, an interval of perhaps a mile between the van and the main body, and the same between the main body and the rear-guard."

18: Hermessen--445 [2] (No date) 1917 Jivaro
116, 484, 502

"After putting in some days at Jamboé, making friends with the natives and exploring the surrounding country, we made ready to proceed farther down the Zamora, our objective being a place called Chicaña, a day's journey on the river. As all Jíbaro canoes are communal property, some parleying had to be done with the different chiefs before consent could be obtained to our use of one. The dug-out which we eventually got was navigated by two Jíbaros, hired for the trip, one standing at the bow and the other at the stern, and having long poles for steering. No effort was required to move the canoe, as the current alone was strong enough to take it along at a good rate.

There were frequent rapids, some shallow and smoothly graded, others deep and strewn with great boulders and projecting rocks, making formidable obstructions among which the craft was maneuvered by the Indians with consummate skill and grace. On both sides of the river the forest came down to the water's edge, save where the low banks sloped away to wide sandy playas, marking the flood-plain."

18: Hermessen--445 [3] (No date) 1917 Jivaro
116, 484, 609

"At an estimated distance of between 25 and 30 miles from Jamboé we passed the mouth of the Yacuhambi (or Yanazambi, as Wolf calls it), a river of respectable size flowing into the Zamora from the northwest. Two or three miles farther on we came to the Rio Nanguipa, which discharged into the Zamora on the right. We landed on the opposite bank, at the solicitation of the canoe-men, for a rest at a nearby house to which they conducted us. In it were several Jíbaros, none of whom evinced the least concern at our appearance, even giving me, a white stranger, only a casual glance."

25: Vigna--42 [2]
116, 273, 276, 484

(no date) 1945

Jivaro

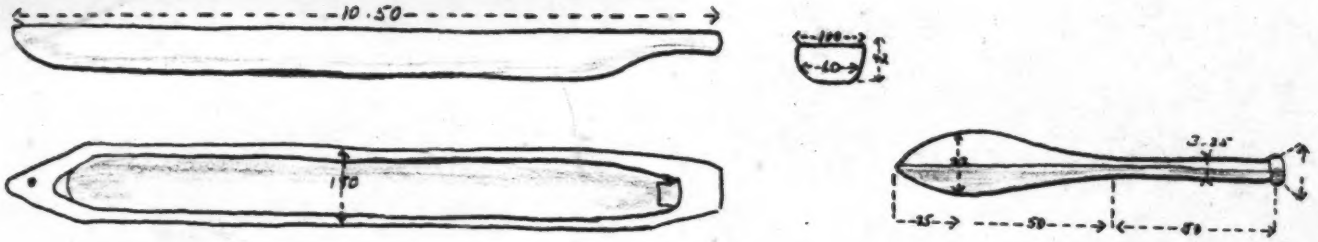
The principal drink, --which is also often eaten--and liquor, is the chicha of yuca, called "nijamanchi." The women who are in charge of its preparation, masticate the cooked yuca and spit it into special bowls where the mass ferments within a few hours. Its taste is similar to that of curdled milk. During the morning they take an infusion of "guayusa" - leaf of a tree that contains much caffein and is a savory sedative. On journeys, the only food they carry is the chicha of concentrated yuca, which they take with water; they do not take any other food en route.

26: Brüning--74
116, 501, 484

(1902) 1928

Jívaro

Figure 8. Canoe and Paddle.



26: Brüning--74 [3] (1902) 1928 Jívaro
116, 501, 484

The most important means of transportation along the upper Marañón and its tributaries is the canoe (Fig. 8). One could even say that this dug-out is the only means of transportation since there are only a few isolated overland paths.

The canoe appears in several sizes. Some accomodate only one to two people, others up to twenty men. All of them are made of cedar wood. Whether small or large, they all have the same shape. The part that touches the water is round in cross-section just as the original tree. At both ends flat seats for the oarsman were provided when the canoe was dug out. The canoe is directed by means of paddles, but on upstream voyages long bamboo poles (tanganas) are required, and with their help the boat is pushed forward. Should the river bank be flat, some Indians may jump into the water to pull the canoe with the help of lianas.

34:Harner E-4, 5 (1956-1969)1973 SD9 Jivaro SD9

beer making, while shorter ones store the water with which the men rinse their mouths upon arising and after eating. Other gourds are cut in half and perforated to serve as sieves in straining manioc fibers out of the beer. Tree gourds are used by men as canteens for carrying the thick beer mash when hunting or traveling far.

Three kinds of baskets are made, all by the men: a plaited openwork basket used primarily for carrying and storing food; a wickerwork type for carrying fish; and a relatively insect-proof plaited and double-walled basket with a banana leaf lining and a cover for storing featherwork and other personal effects. Matting is unknown.

Virtually every adult male possesses at least one firearm for hunting and fighting. While there are a few ancient Winchester .44 carbines obtained from the Achuara, almost all the guns are Spanish-made muzzle-loading shotguns of recent manufacture secured primarily from trading partners dwelling in the region of white contact in the Río Upano Valley.

Most of the Winchester carbines, although originally pump-action weapons, are so worn that they can function only as single-shot weapons. For fighting, they are loaded with highly valued .44 pistol cartridges obtained through native trading partners from the Achuara, who in turn secure the cartridges from other trading partners in Peru. For hunting, the cartridges are simply reloaded with black powder and shot, and the cartridge primer is replaced with the type used on muzzle-loading shotguns.

The shotguns, percussion-cap weapons usually with a 20-gauge bore, are much preferred over the Winchesters for hunting and also are much more plentiful throughout the tribe due to their steady acquisition by means of the native trading partnerships. They are loaded with black powder

34:Harner E-4, 5 (1956-1969)1973 SD9 Jivaro SD9

own self-interest. By the time a *ti kakaram* is achieving such status and power, he tends to be already elderly, and, instead of continuing to lead expeditions himself, will usually send his sons or sons-in-law.

A famous *kakaram* sometimes may even be sent an invitation, through intermediaries, to kill someone in another tribe, usually an Achuara. The invitation sent by the non-Jívaro carries with it the tacit understanding that the *kakaram* and his followers, since they are from another tribe, will conduct themselves in the form of a war raid, rather than the intra-tribal assassination expedition which goes after only a single victim. Thus they are expected to attack the entire household of the intended victim, taking heads and seizing women. The inviter is usually someone with great hatred for his enemy who views the bringing in of outsiders to do the job as an opportunity for retribution beyond anything that he could do directly. He will guide the *kakaram* and his war party to the house of the victim and, after the attack, one of the grateful head-takers will give their guide a shotgun as a token of appreciation.

The co-operation provided by such non-*untsuri šuarä* inviters has sometimes made it possible for the Jívaro to travel incredibly far to kill. In one fondly remembered case, the assistance given by a *tsumu šuarä* (Huambisa) inviter-guide made it possible for a Jívaro expedition to pass down the Río Santiago by canoe through the entire Huambisa tribe and to wipe out most of an Aguaruna household on the Río Marañon below the Pongo de Manseriche.

Shamans and Shaman Hierarchies

Shamans (*uwišin*), more numerous than outstanding killers, often wield considerable power in the neighborhood. The

34:Harner E-4, 5 (1956-1969)1973 SD9 Jivaro SD9

mans are so powerful that it is assumed that they cannot be killed by ordinary means.

The Jívaro and Achuara believe so strongly in the superiority of the Canelos *payü* that men wishing to become successful shamans would prefer to obtain their own supernatural darts directly from them. A man cannot expect to become a successful shaman, either in bewitching or curing, unless he has magical darts which exceed in power those of the shamans against whom he is working. Beyond this, he believes that his very survival will depend upon the ability of his own magical darts or spirit helpers to resist the attacks of their counterparts belonging to enemy shamans.

The intensity of feuding within the Jívaro and Achuara tribes makes long-distance travel to obtain *tsentsak* too dangerous to be undertaken by most men. Generally, only the most northern of the Jívaro and Achuara shamans succeed in visiting the Canelos *payü* in order to obtain power. For this reason, the northern Jívaro and Achuara shamans are considered to be more powerful than those to the south.

Since shamanistic power declines in its strength as it is passed southward from shaman to shaman, a southern member of these two tribes who wishes to acquire superior shamanistic power simply does the best he can—which is to travel as far north as safety permits to obtain his magical darts. This is rarely more than forty to fifty miles. If the pilgrim is relatively fortunate, he may be able to get his power from a shaman who has obtained his darts directly from a Canelos bank. But if he lives farther south, he may find he can only obtain the darts from a shaman who got them from a shaman who got them from a shaman who got them from a *payü!* Thus, among the Jívaro and the Achuara, there is a regular traffic of shamans making pilgrimages at least slightly northward from their neighborhoods to secure strong supernatural power.

34:Harner E-4, 5 (1956-1969)1973 SD9 Jivaro SD9

Shaman hierarchies within the neighborhood are also an important new development. This innovation, which is related to the growth in numbers of shamans competing to acquire valuables and strong shamanistic power, occurred between about 1925 and 1935. Formerly, only one shaman normally was found in each neighborhood, but with the increase in their numbers, they began to purchase their power from other shamans within their own localities, thereby bringing into existence hierarchies of shaman partners on the neighborhood level.

The inter-neighborhood hierarchies of shamans linking the Jívaro with the Canelos are likewise a new development, evolving since about 1930. According to older informants, shamanistic power formerly was not obtained from the Canelos tribe, but with the inhibition of inter-tribal warfare, Jívaro shamans began to visit the Canelos shamans, leading to the elaborate hierarchical relations which now stretch northward to the Canelos "banks." The increasing competition between Jívaro shamans, deriving from their sheer numbers and their demand for trade goods, further encouraged them to travel northward to get the maximum quality and variety of *tsentsak* available.

Shamanistic knowledge and practices have experienced considerable elaboration in recent decades. Much of this more elaborate knowledge has been learned from the Canelos tribe via the inter-tribal system of shaman hierarchies. Examples of such recently transmitted information include new types of spirit helpers and the innovation of possession by spirits of the dead. The heightened shamanistic competition has encouraged the acquisition of new techniques and knowledge.

Outside of shamanism, few changes have occurred in supernatural ideology. Some minor modifications have oc-